

"gee, look at this!" says one of the old guys, "they got Red Rabbit ten to one on the morning line. he looks better than the favorite."

"let's bet him," says the other old guy.

they leave their seats and move toward the betting windows.

AN IMPORTATION

after the reading we went to her house, she had a large house with an iron gate imported all the way from Spain and the house was full of her beautiful daughters who were smiling at me with their lips and their eyes and their bodies but they left

and I sat with the lady in her breakfastnook and we drank and she showed me her book published in Europe some years ago and I looked at the cover and flipped the pages but I felt very unconcerned about ancient European literature: I had my money from the reading and a young girl in a large house (hers) in L.A. was waiting for me

but
this lady was cultured or
once had been and
I enjoyed watching her smoke her long cigarettes and putting on her act

and she told me that I could have my own bedroom that night and I told her that was fine and we drank and drank and she talked and later that night she showed me my bedroom and she went off and I got under the covers for a while
then
I got up
found her bedroom and got into bed with her and we did that ordinary and everyday and everynight thing and then we slept and the next morning

I waked through her imported Spanish gate and I took a cab to the airport and I flew back to my young girl with her large house

a couple of weeks later we got a package in the mail
from this lady and the lady had enclosed her book which
had been published in Europe by this major press
some years back

she signed it "love" and asked in an enclosed letter
if I might get my editor to re-publish her book here in
America.

I read it
disliked it and
mailed it on to my editor.

that was eleven years ago, as yet my editor hasn't
published that book
but here's a poem about it:

not much, you see, maybe never should have been
written
except for the Spanish gate.

I liked
it.

EMERGENCY

"if you ever need to find
Charles Bukowski
there is a very good chance
that you will find him at
the racetrack (whichever
one is running)."

along with various addresses
and phone numbers
she carries this message
along with her I.D.

I find this particularly
enchanting
even more so than
when she says,
"I love you, Reebars ..."

her pet name for me,
I hope.